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BELLY DANCE GROUPIES

by Clea and Patra

Imagine. . .you're walking through a forest full of tangled brush, when an unusual sound stops you. For a moment, you listen. You hear the tapping of a drum, the clanging of cymbals, the clapping of hands and the shrills of natives. After glancing around, you cautiously move forward. The beating of the drum vibrating beneath your feet, hastens you. A piercing shrill causes you to spin uncontrollably. Stumbling away from the spin, a flowing sheer veil dangling on a tree limb, entangles you. As you escape from the shroud of the veil, women (dressed in authentic caftan robes) lure you closer with their graceful, gyrating movements.

Suddenly, a quiet but demanding voice snaps you back to reality. "Tuck your butt!" Groans of despair echo around the room as the voice drills on to "relax those shoulders!" Your thighs weakened by the pressure of sitting on air, shake like

a volcano erupting. After holding this position for a few seconds (the clock must have stopped), the instructor (who you're sure is a female drill sergeant in the army) tells you to come up "slower." As you slowly rise, your thoughts reflect on the daydream you had earlier. It must be easier wearing the caftan robes than the leotards, sweat pans and sweat shirt that you're wearing. By the door, the most loyal janitor of the high school where C.O.D. holds some of its night classes in, diligently wipes the window. For several minutes, he stares through the wires.

Meanwhile, the instructor repeats, "relax those shoulders," and then, "just move your right hip, nothing else." A smile forms on the teacher's face, while the janitor is busy mopping the cafeteria floor making it shine more brilliantly than any "Mop 'n' Glo" commercial ever could. Finally, the hypnotized janitor walks to the closet (where it takes him over three minutes to unlock the door), and fixes everything

neatly. Discovering his undying thirst for water from the fountain (which conveniently is located in the part of the cafeteria where the dance class is), the janitor begins gulping. But, aren't you supposed to aim the spout of water at your mouth, and not your eye? That'll teach him for taking an uncalled for break.

Week after week, the belly dancing class met, and, even though, some students dropped out, the class began its own ardent admirers. For the loyal janitor brought some of his friends to do some indiscreet staring from behind the wire windows. The result? The belly dance groupies.

Taking classes (like belly dancing) at the off-campus locations has its advantages and disadvantages. It's great to take a class near home, but the college did right in naming the mascot, the Chaparral. Have you ever tried to get from one end of the college district to the other during rush hour? and just remember, what awaits you at the other side is left to your imagination or maybe the janitors.